

## Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 430

The next day, Olivia went to Clinton Corporations with Owen in tow. The moment the staff heard about their arrival, they gathered at the lobby to welcome them. The staff in unison, "Welcome, Old Mr. Clinton and Old Mrs. Clinton."

Given that no advance notice was given, the staff was worried that it was a spot check. If they were found to have made a mistake, it would be cause for immediate dismissal.

After Olivia gave Owen a look, Owen responded knowingly by waving them away. "Everyone, go back to work. This is just a casual visit, so there's no need to be concerned."

As a result, all the staff heaved a sigh of relief.

Olivia and Owen proceeded to take the private elevator upstairs. Upon exiting, the secretaries who had been informed ahead of time all lined up in two rows. "Welcome, Old Mr. Clinton and Old Mrs. Clinton."

Looking like a distinguished lady, Olivia announced, "Owen and I have dropped by for a casual visit. Hence, there's no need to mind us at all. So please, carry on with your work."

Linda stepped forward to open the main door and cordially informed, "Old Mr. Clinton, Old Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton is still in a meeting, so please wait a while."

When she saw Olivia nod at her, Linda was surprised by the attention.

After both of them entered the office, Linda dutifully served them some coffee. "Old Mr. Clinton, Old Mrs. Clinton, please have some coffee."

When Olivia observed that the furnishings in the office have softened, she asked, "Was this place redecorated?"

"Yes, it was done half a year ago. Mr. Clinton said that not only will a softer color make work more pleasant, but women dig it too," Linda explained without thinking.

"Is that so?" Olivia's expression darkened as she was deep in thought.

Despite noticing the change in Olivia's expression, Linda wasn't sure what it meant. Hence, she replied conservatively, "Old Mrs. Clinton, that was what Mr. Clinton told us back then. As for the details, I'm not too sure about it. My gut feeling is that Mr. Clinton just feels like working in a surrounding with a softer tone."

After pondering a moment, Olivia raised her gaze. "If memory serves me correctly, your name is Linda, isn't it?"

Linda was surprised by the attention. Although Olivia seldom visited Clinton Corporations, everyone recognized her because her picture was placed in a location everyone in the office would see. It was said that this was Owen's way of showing how much he loved and respected his wife.

"Yes, I'm Linda. I feel honored that you remember my name." Linda managed to delight Olivia with the deference she showed her.

Olivia continued, "Given how pretty and slender you are, haven't you wanted more than just working as Oscar's secretary?"

Taken aback by the question, Linda took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"Old Mrs. Clinton, you must be kidding. I appreciate my job very much and wouldn't covet anything that doesn't belong to me. Hence, there's nothing for you to worry about," Linda replied confidently as she held Olivia's gaze.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Olivia fidgeted with her well-manicured nails and commented, "I heard Isabella mention you a couple of times. In spite of that, I know she has the wrong impression of you, and I naturally won't take any action based on her words. But, I do have some questions for you."

"Please go ahead, Old Mrs. Clinton. I would definitely not hide anything from you."

After a brief silence, Olivia got straight to the point. "Did Amelia come and see Oscar?"

Caught by surprise, Linda asked curiously, "Mrs. Clinton?"

When she noticed the change in Olivia's expression, Linda apologized, "I'm sorry, I forgot that they were divorced two years ago. Hence, Ms. Winters and the Clintons are no longer related now."

Only then was Olivia satisfied.

"Anyway, Ms. Winters has not come by ever since the divorce two years ago. In fact, I heard that she has left the city. Why are you asking? Has she returned?" Linda asked in return.

When Olivia shot her a glare, Linda didn't dare speculate any further.

Consequently, Olivia was happy with how prudent Linda's answers were.

"Linda, I won't beat around the bush. I want you to keep an eye on Oscar, but don't worry, you don't have to do anything treacherous. As long as Amelia enters the office, all you need to do is stop her and call me. I'll deal with her."

Lowering her head in thought, Linda voiced her concerns. "Old Mrs. Clinton, erm... I'm worried that Mr. Clinton might fire me for it."

Olivia narrowed her gaze. "Are you rejecting me?"

Stricken by fear, Linda trembled.

"No, Old Mrs. Clinton, I wouldn't dare."

"Good. It's settled then."

Linda then left with a heavy heart. When she told Oscar about it later, he told her to ignore his mother's instructions.

Consequently, Linda heaved a sigh of relief when Oscar absolved her of the responsibility. As an outsider, the last thing she wanted was to be embroiled in the Clinton family's problems and end up as collateral damage.

Anyway, that was a story for another time.

When Oscar returned after his meeting, Linda discreetly informed him that his parents had come. With a darkened expression, he entered his office in silence."

"Dad, Mom, why are you here?" Oscar asked.

Olivia gave him a look and replied, "If we hadn't come, God knows what else you're going to do to Isabella. Oscar, what's wrong with you? How can do a shoulder throw on a girl? Is this the kind of manners we raised you with?"

Oscar rubbed his forehead in annoyance. He had come out from a meeting with a group of managers feeling exasperated. And now, he still had to deal with the fuss Olivia was causing.

"Mom, I'll handle Isabella, there's no need for you to get involved, all right?"

"If I let you resolve it, you will just get rid of my future daughter-in-law. Today, I'm here to stand up for her by insisting that you should apologize. Either you treat her better next time, or I'm not letting you off."

"Mom, all this while, you have never interfered in my relationships," Oscar snapped softly. He was confounded as to why Olivia had changed so much over the last two years. Given how often she was sticking her nose into his business, he couldn't help but feel irritated.

"If I don't, you will marry some undesirable and end up disgracing the Clintons. Of the previous two that you have chosen, one left before the wedding, while the other divorced you and disappeared with our grandchild. Considering how

heartless both of them were, there's no way I can allow you to fool around anymore!" Olivia thundered.

After a brief pause, she added, "I have given Isabella a call and asked her to come here. When she arrives, you are to apologize."

With a gloomy expression, Oscar stared at Olivia with mixed emotions.

Owen grabbed Olivia's hand. "Olivia, calm down. Have you forgotten that we agreed to discuss this with Oscar? By pushing him into a corner, all you're doing is scaring him."

In response, Olivia tried to suppress her anger.

Relenting, she apologized, "Oscar, I'm sorry for losing my temper."

Oscar simply pursed his lips.

Before Olivia could say another word, there was a knock on the door, followed by Linda's voice. "Sorry to interrupt, but Mrs. Clinton is here."

The moment the three of them heard it, they each reacted differently.

When Oscar opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of a smiling Amelia holding a lunchbox. "Oscar, you didn't have your breakfast when you rushed for your meeting in the morning. So, I brought you some food, as I was worried you were hungry. After this, I'll be going for an interview with another company."

Upon receiving the lunch box, Oscar's mood naturally improved.

When Amelia followed him in and saw his parents on the sofa, she wasn't surprised at all. Instead, she greeted them with a smile, "Dad, Mom, you are here."

Olivia glanced at her coldly, while Owen gave her his usual look.

Before anyone could say a word, they were interrupted by another knock. Oscar narrowed his eyes and answered, "Come in."

As the door opened, Linda's voice could be heard. "Ms. Walker, this way please."

Walking in, Isabella was wearing a white full-length dress and had a ponytail tied behind her head. With light makeup on, she looked exquisite and gave off a genial air. If not for the bandage on her hand, she would have looked a lot more attractive.

The moment she saw Amelia inside, there was an awkward glint in her eye. However, she quickly regained her composure and greeted obediently, "Hello Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton."

Olivia stood up from the sofa and walked up to her. Holding Isabella's hand sympathetically, she commented, "Your injury looks really bad."

"Mrs. Clinton, it doesn't really hurt. The doctor's bandage makes it look that way, so there's no need for you to worry," Isabella reassured her.

"Look at it, how can you still say it isn't serious?" Olivia fretted.

When Isabella discreetly gloated at Amelia, Amelia pretended not to see as she watched both of them flaunt how close they were.